

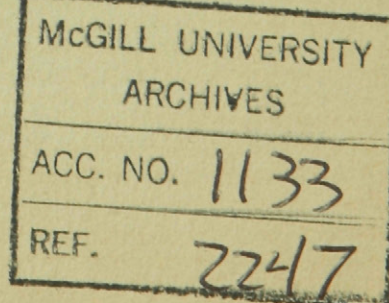
Montreal, February 7, 1901.

MCGILL OUTLOOK

VOL. III. No. 11.

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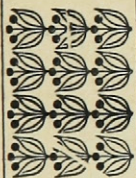
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McGILL OUTLOOK

VOL. III.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 7, 1901.

No. 11

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H. U. P. AYLMER, 26 Ontario Ave.

Editorial.

It is this week our sad duty to refer to the death of our Queen, than which no event of modern times has caused a more profound and sincere sorrow, not only throughout the Empire over which she ruled with such grace and dignity, but throughout the whole world. In view of all that has been written and said during the past few weeks, touching the noble life and death of her late Majesty, we find it impossible to add any new tribute to her memory. But after all, what is the great fact of the great truth that we can glean from the vast literature to which we refer? Simply this, that our beloved Queen will live in the hearts of many generations as that rare and precious gift of Providence—a perfect woman and a perfect queen.

As subjects of the British Empire and members of an Imperial University, we feel an especially deep interest in this sad event, and the authorities who carried out the Memorial service of last Sunday deserve the warmest thanks of every man at McGill for affording an oppor-

tunity of publicly expressing our sorrow. The feelings of the University at large are so well set forth in the resolution adopted by the Corporation of the University, and forwarded to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, that we cannot do better than quote it in full:—

The governors, principal and fellows of McGill University, Montreal, assembled in special meeting as the Corporation of the University, desire to express their feelings of profound sorrow for the death of the Queen. They would at the same time record their thankfulness and pride that the Empire at large—never more closely united than at the present moment—has enjoyed for the long period of sixty-three years the advantages of so good, and so wise, and so beneficent a rule.

The Victorian era now goes down to history as a completed record, but not even the glory of its manifold achievements will ever efface the memory of that personal worth which has always been the strongest ground of the affection in which our departed sovereign was held by the whole body of her loving people.

In the course of the late reign, very notable advances have been made in all directions, and

not least in the sphere of education. This university has special grounds for cherishing the late Queen's memory, having now for very nearly half a century conducted its operations under the privileges conferred by the amended charter granted by the Crown in 1852. It is a pleasure also to recall the fact that, through the magnificence of our chancellor, the Right Honorable Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, G.C.M.G., monuments have already been reared in Montreal to the memory of Queen Victoria, and that her name and fame will be carried forward to all time in the magnificent foundations of the Royal Victoria College and the Royal Victoria Hospital.

In another column will be found a report of the Memorial Service which was held in the R.V.C. last Saturday, including Dr. Peterson's address, which will be read with much interest

by those who were unable to be present. We are also fortunate in being able to publish an article on the reign of our good Queen by Dean Walton, as well as a paper of reminiscence by Mr. Mott. Aid in such matters from members of the Faculty is appreciated by the student body, especially in the present case, where the undergraduate pen lacks the experience necessary to a subject of such magnitude.

We would like to refer to the graceful act of the Medical Faculty in placing a wreath on the Queen's statue on Victoria square. The whole affair was carried out in the very best taste, and the only pity is that the other Faculties were not asked to join in this tribute to the memory of one so dear to us all.



McGill University Memorial Service.

Saturday, February 2, was set apart as a day of universal mourning throughout the whole British Empire for the death of our good Queen, and our University took steps to give a voice to the sorrow that all felt so deeply.

At half-past nine in the morning the Professors and students of all Faculties met in the Convocation Hall of the Royal Victoria College to join in a Memorial Service. The hall was draped in purple and black, and, all members of Convocation being without their hoods, the room had a sad and mournful appearance. The Hall was well filled, and those who enjoyed the sorrowful pleasure of attending the service will long bear it in their memory. Among those present was the familiar face of one who, nearly sixty-four years ago, witnessed the ceremonies in London attending the death of William IV. and the accession to the throne of her whose death we now mourn.

Under the direction of Miss Lichtenstein, the choir of the R.V.C., with the addition of several male voices, lead the singing, and their rendering of "Crossing the Bar" was particularly in harmony with the sentiment that prevailed throughout the service.

Principal Peterson's address was deeply impressive, and bodied forth the tribute of praise and sorrow that we, British subjects of McGill, bear to the memory of our beloved Queen.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

1. Hymn—"O God of Bethel."
2. Scripture Reading—Rev. Principal Hackett.
3. Prayer—Dr. Murray.
4. Hymn—"When the day of toil is done."
5. Address—Principal Peterson.
6. "Crossing the Bar."
7. Scripture Reading—Principal Maggs.
8. Hymn—"Who are those like stars appearing."

Benediction.

God Save the King.

DR. PETERSON'S ADDRESS.

I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations;
Therefore shall the people praise thee for ever and ever.

Many daughters have done virtuously,
But thou excellest them all.

She stretcheth out her hand to the poor;
Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

What need of other words than these, and such as these, in which to praise the dead Queen? More eloquent than all speech—more fervent than all the funeral eulogies which are being delivered this day the world over—is the silent devotion, the unuttered homage and regret, of every loyal, loving heart. We all know, do we not, what it is when death enters a household; how heavy are the hearts of those on whom the blow falls with desolating force when a father or a mother is taken? The whole British Empire is one household, one family to-day, and never more united than in its grief for the loss of the good Queen, the mother of her people. Never before in history was there a monarch whose death excited such a sense of *personal* loss in the hearts of all her subjects. Truly this day "Britannia mourns"! The sun will not set upon an Empire's grief, and it is the mournful roll of muffled drums which, "following the orb of day and keeping company with the hours, is circling the earth even now with one continuous and unbroken strain of grief." Nor is this any *lip-service*, any merely formal homage. Queen Victoria lived in the hearts of her people, and her death comes home to every one of them, whether at the seat of empire or in the uttermost parts of the English-speaking world. May I use for one brief sentence the old, old language? and say in the words of the great Roman historian, "*nemo tam flagranti desiderio celebratus*"—no one was ever mourned with such ardent regret.

And yet the note of sorrow need not be too

loudly struck or unduly prolonged. With it must mingle the undertone of thankfulness and pride at the thought that we have been favoured above all nations in enjoying for the greater part of a most eventful century the manifold blessings of so good, so wise, and so beneficent a rule. The Queen's death marks the *close of* a generation—an epoch. The Victorian Era will take rank now as a completed record, and she who gave it her loved and honoured name is enshrined in history henceforth with all the great and the good who were before her. Others may have been as great; few ever combined as she did greatness and goodness. To Queen Victoria may fitly be applied the words which some of us have been reading lately: "God raised her to the summit of human greatness in order to make the purity and constant orderliness of her light the more conspicuous and instructive." And with confidence can we say of her, in the language of her own Laureate, "Whatever record leap to light She never shall be shamed."

This is not the time or place in which to recall the glories of her reign—in literature, with its galaxy of great names, Carlyle, Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Huxley, Ruskin, Tennyson, and Herbert Spencer; in the marvellous advances in the arts of construction, including steamships, railways, telegraphs, cables and all the variety of electrical apparatus. It would be the extravagance of eulogy to connect the dead Queen, personally, with any of these triumphs; but, from what is now the all-absorbing point of view—the unity and solidarity of the British name—nothing can more strikingly mark the difference between the beginning of the Victorian Era and its close than the astounding progress in science which made it possible for the whole fabric of the Empire, when the Queen lay dying, to respond in one breath to the heart-beat at the centre. Sixty-three years ago it took nearly two months for similar news to travel.

Much will be said to-day of our dear departed sovereign, not only as Queen, but also in her

home life, as daughter, wife, and mother. It bound her to her people all the more that in her personal experience she touched every chord of human affection and sounded every depth of human sorrow. Let us not forget the loneliness of her throne. The desolation which fell upon her in that crushing blow—the deepest grief that mortal hearts can feel—left her undyingly loyal to her own "ideal knight,"

" Who revered his conscience as his king ;
* * * * *
Who loved one only, and who clung to her."

Some part of her consolation she found in the affairs of state. Few of us can have any idea of her talent for such affairs; we can only infer from what we have been told that this is not the least among her claims to greatness. But it is rather for her *womanly worth* that her praise is now in the mouths of all her loving subjects. Towards them her bearing was always marked by a beautiful combination of true kindness with royal grace and dignity. It is a platitude to repeat that the Queen always knew how to say and to do the right thing at the right time. That was evidenced over and over again in those messages which, in seasons of sorrowing or rejoicing, she sent straight from her own heart to the great hearts of her people. Some of us were privileged to be spectators of the love and enthusiasm which surrounded her when she went among them on the last Jubilee in 1897; and the memory of that gorgeous pageant is a precious recollection which we shall carry with us to the end of our lives. If in these latter days her peace of mind was disturbed by the circumstances of an unfortunate war, a war not of her own choosing, we may console ourselves with the hope that the *Pax Britannica*, which we look to see established, will be all the more stable because of her well-known efforts in the cause of peace.

This University has good reason to assert itself as an individual factor in the general mourning which is being held throughout the Empire to-day. Apart from the lessons which, as teachers and students we may learn from the

Queen's life, we must not forget that for nearly fifty years our educational operations have been conducted under the amended Charter, granted by the Crown in 1852. And, meeting as we do in this beautiful building, it is fitting again to recall the fact that, through the generosity of our honoured Chancellor, the name and fame of our good Queen will go down to future generations, here in Montreal, in the magnificent foundations of the Royal Victoria College and the Royal Victoria Hospital. No material monuments were needed to perpetuate her memory. In the language of the old eulogy we may say of her, "Whatever in Victoria we have loved or admired abides, and most surely will abide, *in the hearts of mankind*, through never-ending time—in the story of her life; preserved to after ages in tale and history, it will give her a place still among the living." But we are glad to have an important part of our University so closely connected with her name, and glad to hold our Memorial Service to-day in the building that has been called after her. May the bright example of this womanly Queen,

this queenly woman, ever prove a noble incentive to the development of true womanhood within these walls; while in the Empire around and about us the march of progress goes forward on lines which shall keep the throne which she adorned

"Unshaken still
Broad, based upon the people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea."

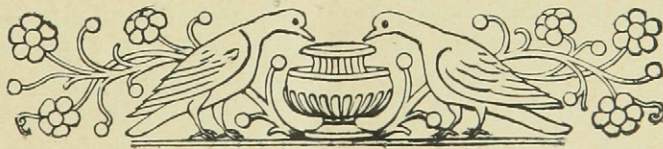
Her Laureate who wrote these lines wrote also the beautiful ode which has been included in this service,

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.



Contributions.

THE QUEEN AS A CONSTITUTIONAL SOVEREIGN.

The true note to strike on the death of our revered Queen is not one of sorrow. It was the peaceful close of a long and noble life, and of a life of singular good fortune.

In her husband, in her children, she was happy beyond most women, and no woman was more convinced that the centre of happiness must be in the home. In her relations with her people she was happy above all her predecessors on the throne.

But, though the Queen has passed away in the fullness of days, her death makes a terrible blank. No other death could have stirred so many hearts in every quarter of the globe. There is no country in which her name has not been a familiar word. The vast majority of the many millions of her subjects, men of every colour and of every creed, have never known any other sovereign. Her removal almost seems to shake the established order of the Universe. We had for a long time tried to forget that *rex nunquam moritur* is only a legal fiction, and had shrunk from contemplating what Blackstone quaintly calls "the disunion of the King's natural body from his body politic." Even in the republican half of the English-speaking world, the Queen has been regarded with hardly less affection and respect than in her own dominions. In the United States "the Queen" has had but one signification. During her long reign a new order has grown up. The England of 1901 would hardly recognize the England of 1837, still less the England of 1819. And if this is true of conservative England, how much truer is it of Canada, of Australia, of S. Africa. Compare their position to-day with what it was at the Queen's accession. Equally striking has been the development of continental Europe, especially of Germany. All this the Queen saw as a well-informed and keenly-interested spectator. She followed with affectionate solicitude the rise of the powerful young nations, Canada and Australia, which were adding a new strength to the Empire. She witnessed the beginnings of the great iron and steam age, which in a generation made England the workshop of the world. She lived to see that commercial supremacy challenged by the rise of powerful competitors in the industrial race. But vast and complex as are the problems of the British Empire, the Queen had time for other interests. She followed with great insight and knowledge the trend of affairs upon the Continent of Europe. Few people in England were so well informed with regard to foreign affairs, especially those of Germany and Russia.

It is well known in political circles that the Queen brought to bear upon all questions a remarkable degree of common sense and freedom from prejudice. She had a wonderful instinct for knowing what people would think of a proposed measure. Mr. Gladstone used to say that when he had heard the Queen's view upon a matter he knew what would be the view of the mass of the people, and especially of the great

middle class. No one was less of a fanatic, no one less of a "faddist." And at the same time no one set a better example of unswerving devotion to duty and of the constant attempt to live upon a high level of thought and feeling.

It was said of the Prince Consort that "his strictly ordered life was a continual though silent rebuke to the luxurious license, that large portion of what is questionably called 'good society' love and habitually indulge in." And what was said of him might, with equal truth, be said of the Queen.

It is almost incredible that in a reign of over sixty years there should have been no conspicuous mistakes. The most sagacious and the most well-intentioned rulers are liable to err. An error of judgment now and then, on the Queen's part, a want of perception of the popular feeling at a particular moment would easily have been forgiven by her affectionate subjects. But no occasion rises to the mind when any such indulgence was called for. The statesmen who have had the best opportunities of judging of the Queen's discharge of her constitutional duties—Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone—are known to have had the most sincere respect for her good judgment in public affairs. Of her untiring industry, or of her conscientious desire to do every duty which fell to her, there has never been any question. But no position more imperatively demands sound judgment, moderation of view, unwearied tact, than the position of the sovereign under our system of government. And it is safe to say that no British sovereign has at all equalled the Queen in her application of these rare qualities to the duties of the constitutional monarch.

We are often inclined to forget that the British Constitution in its present working is a recent growth. Its mainspring is the Cabinet, and the successful working of the mechanism depends on the harmonious co-operation of Ministers with the Premier, with the House of Commons and with the Sovereign. It has been pointed out by many observers that the true Constitutional rôle of the Sovereign has become altogether different from George the Third's conception of it. Mr. Walter Bagehot—by far the most brilliant and acute critic of our Constitution—says that it is no wonder that the framers of the American Constitution fell into the mistake of supposing the Sovereign, and not the Prime Minister, to be the head of the Executive Government, in practice as well as in theory. They judged of it as they found it. In the British Government, with which they had come so rudely into collision, it was, in fact, George III., and not Lord North, who was the prime mover. Throughout that other reign, which fills sixty years of the eighteenth century, as Queen Victoria's fills sixty years of the nineteenth, the King was perpetually obstructing, over-riding and intriguing against his Ministers. Whether we call him a "consecrated obstruction," with Mr. Bagehot, or, with Fox, describe his influence as the undetected agency of "an infernal spirit," the fact remains that he was continually striving to carry out his personal

views against the judgment of the government of the day. Perhaps no man with such good intentions did so much harm. George IV. and William IV. had neither the character nor the capacity to exercise any large influence upon political affairs. The Constitution, as we now know it, has only become settled during the Queen's reign. It is now axiomatic that the Sovereign ought to give his sanction to the determinations of his responsible advisers. If a difference of opinion between him and them is vitally important, the Sovereign may exercise his undoubted right of dismissing his Ministers, and look to the electors for support. But in no case can he retain Ministers in power while he is all the time seeking to undermine their influence. But the Sovereign is entitled to be informed of all important measures, and, as Lord Palmerston found to his cost, the Queen firmly insisted on this right. She maintained that she ought to be given full opportunity of discussing with the Prime Ministers all matters of high importance, especially in regard to foreign policy. And it is obvious that Ministers in dealing with a Sovereign who possesses an unequalled popularity, and a Sovereign whom they themselves love and respect, will be anxious to give the fullest consideration to any views she may urge upon them. Let me conclude by quoting from Mr. Gladstone a description of the powers of the Sovereign at the present day. The passage has in recent years been referred to by Mr. John Morley in his sketch of Walpole, and also, if I am not mistaken, by Lord Rosebery, as the most authoritative exposition of the duties of the Constitutional monarch: "Although the admirable arrangements of the Constitution have now completely shielded the Sovereign from personal responsibility, they have left ample scope for the exercise of a direct and personal influence in the whole work of government. The amount of that influence must vary greatly, according to character, to capacity, to experience in affairs, to tact in the application of a pressure which never is to be carried to extremes, to patience in keeping up the continuity of a multitudinous supervision, and lastly, to close presence at the seat of government; for in many of its necessary operations, time is the most essential of all elements, and the most scarce. Subject to the range of these variations, the Sovereign, as compared with her ministers, has, because she is the Sovereign, the advantages of long experience, wide survey, elevated position, and entire disconnection from the bias of party. Further, personal and domestic relations with the ruling families abroad give openings, in delicate cases, for saying more, and saying it at once more gently and more efficaciously than could be ventured in the more formal correspondence and ruder contracts of government."

(Gleanings of Past Years, Vol. I., p. 41.)

These words were written by one who had unequalled opportunities of judging, and it is easy to see that they were written as a description of the manner in which the Queen had actually exerted her influence.

F. P. WALTON.

"VICTORIA THE GOOD."

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command,"
—Wordsworth.

I was present at the proclamation of our dead Queen, and, I presume, this having been spoken of, I have been asked to place on record my reminiscences of the event, a request which I willingly respond to.

Yes, it is engraven on the tablets of my memory that, as a London schoolboy, I was present at the Mansion House when Victoria was proclaimed Queen on June 21, 1837. I need scarcely add that it was an event not likely to pass away from one's memory.

King William IV. died at 2.12 a.m. on June 20, and I well remember the bell of St. Paul's Cathedral commencing to toll and waking up the entire population. At Merchant Taylor's School, as soon as the masters came in at 9 a.m., a cry arose, "It's a shame, we ought to have a holiday, the King's dead," and the cry went on until the headmaster, Dr. Bellamy, addressed the scholars, saying that he would not take upon himself the responsibility of dismissing the school, he did not know officially that the King was dead, but he sent the head monitor to the Mansion House, which was at no great distance, to learn whether the death was announced—when the monitor returned he said he could not get near enough to read the bulletin, the crowd being so great, but everybody said that the King was dead, whereupon Dr. Bellamy, ringing his bell to call for silence, said he would dismiss the school, and he trusted that we would remember the solemnity of the occasion and depart in an orderly manner, and the announcement was received with cheers.

The proclamation took place on the following day; the first reading of it took place in front of St. James Palace. Her Majesty was present, and, when she appeared at the window in company with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, she was received with deafening cheers, the reading of the proclamation was repeated at Temple Bar and the Mansion House. (It may scarcely be within bounds to say I heard it, because of the immense crowds). Immediately upon its conclusion the air was rent with the loudest acclamations.

On November 9, 1837 (Lord Mayor's Day), the Queen paid her first visit to the city, and this, too, I well remember, seeing the Queen for the first time. Living at the time on Fleet street, at a short distance from Temple Bar, the entrance gate to the city which was closed, the Queen having to ask permission to enter "her loyal City of London"—a request which was immediately granted—the Lord Mayor, handing the keys to Her Majesty, the gate was opened and the keys gracefully returned to the Lord Mayor, and the royal carriage entered the City amidst the most tumultuous cheering from the immense crowds, the Queen bowing her acknowledgments on either side as the carriage passed—she dined at the Guildhall, and, on the toast of her health being announced, she rose and bowed her acknowledgment.

I saw Her Majesty several times afterwards, and, I think, the last time I saw her was when she had been to a hospital to visit some wounded soldiers returned from the Crimea.

The Prince of Wales, now our good King Edward VII., I had the pleasure of seeing in Montreal in 1860. The night of the ball, given in honour of H. R. H., was noteworthy for its grand moonlight, and I remember sitting in company of dozens on the bank of the ravine on the College grounds, down which a stream from the mountain flowed, where the Engineering and Chemistry buildings now stand.

I may not let the opportunity pass without recording my admiration and love for the dear Queen who has passed away; her name will stand in England's history as the best of her rulers.

The "Montreal Gazette," in its editorial of Jan. 23, concluded with the following words:—

"The prayer addressed to her by Alfred Tennyson, on the death of the Prince Consort, has been abundantly fulfilled:—

"His love unseen but felt o'ershadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again."

Lord Salisbury, in his speech in the House of Lords, uttered this eloquent tribute to the character of the dead Queen:—

"Being a constitutional monarch with restricted powers, she had reigned by sheer force of character, by the loveliness of her disposition, and by her hold on the hearts of her subjects. The example which she set of governing by esteem and love would never be forgotten, nor how much she assisted in the elevation of her people, by their simple contemplation of her brilliant qualities, as wife, mother and woman."

It is a grand lesson to the world, to study the universal expressions of regret which the death of "Victoria the Good" have called forth. I have received a letter from an English gentleman, who has lived in New York for the last 25 years, and he writes: "The good old Queen is gone. The sorrow at her death will be little less in this country

"than in her own dominions. Immediately upon her announcement that she was no more, flags at half mast were displayed in Wall Street, among them the Royal Standard being conspicuous, and, doubtless, all over the United States the same marks of respects and sorrow will be seen."

"Hers has been a remarkable life and a glorious reign. Co-existent with three-quarters of a century, what a wealth of happenings it has seen."

I remember during the Free Trade agitation in England that Richard Cobden said at a public meeting, "We have every one on our side whose opinion is worth having."

So we can pass over with contempt Mr. Van Wyck, the Mayor of New York, who refused to place the flag at half mast on the City Hall, feeling sure that when his time for passing away may come we may safely use for him the words of Sir Walter Scott in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel":—

"Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentrated all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

A humorous incident which occurred on the occasion of the Queen's visit to the city of London on November 9, 1837, may well be recorded. The illuminations were very fine, those on the majority of private houses took the shape of the initials V. R. with a star underneath—one old-timer, however, ventured to cling to the initials of the previous reign and exhibited the old W. R.—the crowd took offence at this, and commenced to pelt the house, breaking some of the windows; whereupon the angry citizen appeared on the scene, demanding what was the matter. Thomas Hood did the event into verse, setting forth that the crowd demanded:

"What means W. R.
At the top of your star"?

and the reply promptly came

"Why, confound all your necks,
It's Wicktoria Rex."

H. M.

FEBRUARY THE 2ND.

Oh, render up your dues, but not with tears
The tribute that a selfish sorrow brings;
Nor mar the founded substance of her years
With draped doors and crapéd garmentings,
But grace her with a nobler monument—
The honour of her mellow fruitfulness,
The streets turned ever purer where she went,
The eyes that never sought her save to bless.
And blazon out the glory in the stone
That she, elect to godly counterparts,
Stept forth so queenly from a grosser throne
To sit upon a very World of hearts!
Yea, wore her crown so royally that to her
Death is a crown that's ten times royaller!

W. F. CHIPMAN.

Societies.

Montreal, Jan. 25, 1901.

The meeting of the Medical Society of Undergraduates was held to-night; the president being absent his place was filled by the vice-president J. A. Ward. The first paper of the evening was to have been read by Mr. Little, '01, but as he was not quite prepared, Mr. C. K. Russel, B.A., '01, gave a most interesting and original paper on "Leucocytosis and Typhoid Perforation." The chief point brought out was that—"The signs of Perforation (tender-

ness and rigidity of the abdomen, etc.) accompanied by Leucocytosis indicated perforation, and justified operation, but that, occasionally, operation was resorted to with all these indications present and still no perforation was found." After much discussion on the points brought out, Mr. E. G. Mason, '02, read a well-prepared and instructive paper on "The Diagnosis and Treatment of Osteomyelitis." A vote of thanks was tendered these gentlemen and the meeting adjourned.

Class Reports.

ARTS.

1901.

It is our sad duty to announce the death of "Chester," the Arts tom-cat—the one with its ears and tail cut off and the stump painted red. Chester and the other cat disagreed about something, so the other cat chewed up the left half of Chester's face and spoiled his vision. Fred cremated the remains.

"Celestial themes confessed his tuneful aid,
And Heaven, that lent him music, was repaid."

Have you seen "Bill G.'s" exhibition in backward skating? A fire is insignificant beside him. Bill always draws the crowd. It is in turning corners that Bill looks his prettiest, and he knows it, too. He can be seen any evening between 5 and 6 sporting it on the rink to the mingled delight and terror of the gentle ones, and comparable only to a bull going through a brush fence.

Now that the magazines are nailed down securely in the reading room, wouldn't it be a good line to have stools, *ut* (in order that) one might read them with some degree of comfort. Peck says it puts him out of wind to stand so long in one position.

1903.

Mr. D-n-l-p's many friends have been much grieved to see how pale and "seedy" this gentleman has been looking during the last few days. His beautiful complexion, the one-time pride of Arts 1903, had deteriorated sadly, and he has appeared to all to be in the first stages of some dread disease. All apprehension may now, however, be dismissed, for Mr. D-n-l-p was recently seen struggling on the sly with a *pipe* of tobacco, and it was found out that he has been endeavouring for some time to cultivate the manly art of smoking? Although Mr. D-n-l-p himself seemed to enjoy the effluvia of his tobacco (?), not so the other members of the college, and the authorities have been persuaded to request Mr. D-n-l-p to leave his pipe outside the gate in future, on the grounds that its appearance in the vicinity of any of the college buildings is a sad obstacle to all

work, not to mention the effect of its odour, which latter has caused Prof. E-v-n's to wonder where the Mackellar all the ozone was coming from of late.

A Yale Sophomore recently committed suicide from the effects of overwork! Fortunately for McGill, her students are not often taken that way, otherwise we might have to organize a system of life insurance. There is only one man in Arts 1903, whom there might be misgivings about, in regard to the above fact, but of course, if Errol likes to take his chances, it's his own lookout, not ours.

SOME ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN. (Continued).

The Lomansymissta, or "Biheaded Goat."

"The existence of the Chemaera" writes Professor Bunco, "as set forward by the Ancient Greeks, has ever been denied by men of science the world o'er, but at last there has been discovered, in the wilds of Canada, an animal which if not the Chemaera, at least bears such a close resemblance to that renowned animal, as to make it quite possible that such a beast once existed."

The Lomansymissta, as the new animal has been named, is extremely rare, and is worshipped by the Indians as a God. They have a legend that it devoured so much in the ark that Noah turned it out, whence it swam for many years till at last it landed on the coast of North America, where it has lived and flourished even since.

Prof. MacMride, of Kalamazoo, says that the Lomansymissta is a biheaded, pachydermatous octoped, its chief characteristics being that the sternomastoid and sternohyoid muscles are bipercated and the trachea divided into two just behind the annular cricoid cartilage. Like the Chemaera, the middle of its body is that of a goat, but the fore part, instead of being that of a Lion, is that of a Loon, and the hind part is that of a Dinotherium, in place of that of a Dragon.

The Lomansymissta lives chiefly upon roots (Greek and Sanscrit preferred), while its favorite beverage is "Goldene," which accounts for the peculiar colour of its hide.

1904.

A Freshman's Alphabet (continued).

G stands for Gas, *distinguishing* some,
Extinguishes others. Oh, where is it from
 H is for Hobo, we havn't got none,
 Though solemn as sin *it* gives us some fun.
 I is the Indiscreet manner of men,
 Who stick to a book and cleave to the pen.
 J is the Jingle of money galore,
 Since paying the taxes we hear it no more.
 K is the Kicking that foolish ones do,
 But, make a mistake, they pitch into you.
 L is the Licking the Medicals got,
 A glory to us, on their 'scutcheon a blot.

SPECIAL FEATURES OF OUR HOCKEY PRACTICES.

Makallum's slugging, bodying, checking, tripping and general dirty work attracts much attention. Even the best of us, occasionally, polute the air with our "ebria verba."

Shandlir, the celebrated goal-keeper, shows remarkable agility in avoiding the puck whenever a shoot is made. Especially when that King of Shots, Greenshields, approaches does he distinguish himself by the most fantastic contortions.

Gr-y astonishes everybody with the rapidity with which he can travel over the ice on his ankle bones.

Harvey, in hockey costume, has developed a beauty marvellous to behold. Why *did* he ever adopt the extension trousers?

The Captain is conspicuous by his absence.

Molesun can still play spread-eagle.

SCIENCE.

1901.

I must apologise for not having a report in last week's issue.

"Donald" gave a very interesting lecture last week on "Wells." The subject is a broad one, but "Donald" handled it so well that everyone who was lucky enough to be present thought he had been in the business for years. But not so. The lecturer was ably assisted by Prof. Adams, who attended to the lantern.

Get your photos taken at Swan Bros. as soon as possible.

A paper was read before the Mining Class last week by Mr. Howells Frechette. The subject was "Coal Dust in Mines," and the lecture was one of the most interesting we have heard this year.

The Calendar announced that work would be resumed for the winter term on Monday, the 7th of January. All the Electricals, with but one exception, returned early, but they found that no work could be undertaken in their department until the morning of the 16th. On that date the dignified father of the

Class put in an appearance and Prof. Owens was able to "turn on the juice."

Since Christmas the pile of note-books that are weekly left in the lecture-room at the close of Hydraulics has shrunk to very small dimensions. This would indicate that all the enthusiastic workers are in the Electrical or Mining departments.

1902.

Gerald had heard that something had been said about him and was trying to guess what it was. His own opinion of his personal appearance was well shown by his first guess, which was, "Did he say that I looked like a Chinaman?"

Ed—r says that he enjoys the chipping and filing in the machine-shop better than any work he has been at yet, and he hopes it will be a long while before he gets his face plate finished.

MEDICINE.

1901.

Dick Tay—and Jimmy Stern—, did not know about the big fire the other night, and only heard of it from the milkman as he called at their home at Back River in the morning.

Jimmy Dun—is seen every day at the Arena. He appears as a worthy escort of many fair ones. James, you must stop breaking hearts—and remember May is near with its hideous exams.

Two of our Classmates, Connie Russel and Bert Little, have done much valuable work in gathering statistics in typhoid cases. And each has become a devotee of his reaction. Soon we will have to name them Leuco Russel and Widal Little. The work is soon to be published and has called forth much praise from our Professors of Medicine.

It does seem as if original work should be undertaken by every member of Fourth Year or Third Year, either in Medicine, Surgery, Materia Medica or Physiology, and even a little work would do much towards making each one an individual thinker, besides much of value in the way of statistics, so difficult to obtain in many cases, can be done, and even original work experimentally carried out.

If the Faculty made it possible for such work in many lines, many students would like to remain a year after graduating or spend summer between Third and Fourth Year doing original work.

Many embryo moustaches—verily—acquired hair (ed) lips.

Class pictures must be arranged for soon. What a chain of thoughts the group will bring up in after days! We will note our biggest man and our smallest man, our noisiest and quietest, our ablest and laziest, our merriest and wittiest, our best speakers and worst speakers, and remember all the good qualities and but few of the bad, if there be any of the Class of '01.

REVUE LÉGALE.

As a mark of respect to the memory of our late beloved Queen there were no lectures on the day the news of her death reached us nor on the following day. It is unnecessary for us to repeat here what has already been said more aptly elsewhere, but we should like to say on behalf of the Law students at McGill, than whom Her Late Gracious Majesty had no more loyal subjects, that the news of Tuesday last brought us a sense of personal loss, a sense of being cut off from some of our oldest associations, the extent of which we had scarcely before realized. We must thank our Professor of Commercial Law for putting into words the thoughts which we all wished to express.

One hears much of Democracy in these days and how the people are the essential factor of our Government, but no general election has ever caused such an interruption of legal activity as did the death of our late Sovereign. Not only were the Courts adjourned out of respect to Her Majesty, but judges, advocates and officials were deprived of all power of action until they had subscribed the oath of allegiance to His Majesty Edward VII. The power of the throne has, for many years, been exercised so tactfully and unostentatiously that one had almost forgotten its presence. One sees now that it is a real power of forms, an equally important part of our political organization with the great Democracy. God save the King!

Were you at the fire? Well, I guess.

Who went to see the Board of Trade blaze and found himself at the Balmoral?

C-p-l and M-n attended the fire the other night with note books and codes prepared to take any actions in damages that might offer. Their dockets were nearly *filled* with possible cases when they reached home.

A-t-l- is going to drop back to the "Nursery" when he recovers from mumps.

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." The fire was probably the true cause of the slim attendance of Thursday morning's lecture, not the Dean's notice.

"There are many municipalities in the Province of Quebec which have had prohibition by-laws for years. But don't let this alarm you, gentlemen. The comforts of life are still to be found there. The law is there too, but they manage to get along together very nicely."

"This brings us to the end of our subject. I shall trust to your love of study and industry to lead you to go over carefully those articles which we have not touched on."

It is a pity that such sublime trust should be misplaced.

AN OPEN DOOR.

It was from the city of Ephesus, toward the close of his long sojourn there, and from the midst of many and great labors, that St. Paul wrote to the Christians at Corinth, by way of explanation of his failure to visit them, that there was "a great door and effectual opened unto him." Wherein this consisted, one may readily discover from a reading of the nineteenth chapter of the Acts. But, our object in these lines is not so much to dwell upon that historic "open door" as to claim for the opening for Young Men's Christian Association work at Allahabad the right to be similarly, accurately described. We believe that "He that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth," has said to us, as of old He said to one of the ancient Asiatic churches, "Behold I have set before thee an open door." The reasons for this confidence are neither few nor insignificant.

Allahabad is strikingly situated at the junction of the Ganges River and its great tributary, the Jumna. After flowing separately in a south-easterly direction for about a thousand miles, approximately parallel to the Himalaya Mountains, these unite to form a single stream; and on the tongue of land at the point of union lies the city in question. In virtue of its position and associations, and in token of their regard for the bountiful and beneficent waters, large numbers of pilgrims resort to Allahabad every year. But, even apart from this annual influx, with a population of 177,000, it is a city of no inconsiderable size. Its chief importance, however, is due to the fact that it is the political capital and the educational centre of the district. For these and other reasons, it has been claimed by one resident there for a number of years that Allahabad is "one of the most important and influential centres for Christian work in the whole of Northern India."

The European population in Allahabad numbers about six thousand, and, especially from the point of view of this article, is no small factor in its importance. Half of these, including a thousand soldiers, are said to be young men.

The English-speaking natives are also exceptionally numerous, being variously estimated at from two to five thousand. While, therefore, the man who would do his best work must master the prevailing native language, it is a distinct encouragement to realize that he need not wait till the task is accomplished before putting forth intelligible effort.

Particularly, perhaps, as a student centre, does Allahabad appeal to the representative of the Young Men's Christian Association movement. According to Mr. R. P. Wilder, it has no fewer than two Arts Colleges, with 282 students; one Law College, with 79 students; seven Boys' High Schools, with 261 students in the highest two classes; and one Normal School, with 98 students; an aggregate of eleven institutions of higher learning, with not far from a thousand students. In addition to these, a large sum of money has already been voted by Government for the establishment of a College of Science, for which it is confidently asserted that it will be the chief of its kind in the whole of Asia. The significance of such facts is only plainly apparent, as we

recognize that while in Canada and the United States about one per cent. of our young men secure a college education, and nearly sixty per cent. of the leaders in all spheres are graduates, in India only a fraction of one per cent. of the natives get to college, but, practically, all who occupy positions of commanding influence come from that number. To reach these, therefore, and to win them to Jesus Christ, is obviously a larger step toward the evangelization of the entire land than to touch comparatively isolated individuals of other classes.

Another fact in this same connection is that, whereas the whole Indian Empire is divided into five University districts, *viz.*, Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Lahore and Allahabad, the last named only has not hitherto been manned by a member of the foreign force of the Young Men's Christian Association.

It has, nevertheless, the beginning of a Y.M.C.A. organization, both City and College. So far as the writer is aware, the latter exists as yet in only one of the Arts Colleges, the Muir (Government) College, where there are but six or eight active members. The City Association, as might be expected, is proportionately weak. It has about forty members. But that these are of the right sort is evident, both from their liberal contributions to the support of the work and from the fact that they have already collected a thousand rupees towards the twenty thousand needed for the erection of a building.

In the persons of its officers and members, the Allahabad Y.M.C.A. has long been pleading for a secretary, and for some time now the International Committee of the United States and Canada has been in possession of an official call, duly sanctioned by the Indian National Council.

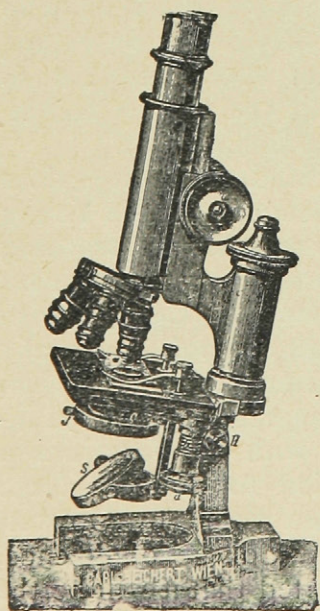
Other missionaries and Christian workers in Allahabad have already given assurance of their sympathy and approval. This, too, is a matter of some moment, as, in our own lands, the work of the Y.M.C.A. is auxiliary and supplementary to that of the regular denominational agencies, and it has from the outset been the policy of the home committee only to send out secretaries at the solicitation of those

already on the ground. It is cause for encouragement, therefore, that one of those now at work should write the assurance of his personal welcome to a prospective Y.M.C.A. representative, "to put the work among students on an undeniably inter-denominational footing."

Last, but very far from least, among the reasons for regarding Allahabad as "a great door and effectual" swung wide open for Young Men's Christian Association work, is the fact that it is a key position. It is distinctly a strategic point. It is the seat of government of the North West Provinces, which have an aggregate and average population second only, in India, to those of Bengal. The total is in the neighbourhood of 47 millions, or about the same as that of the German Empire. The number per square mile is 436. The district is probably as fertile as any in the country. Of India's 26,000 miles of railway, it claims 5,000, or nearly one-fifth. It abounds in large and populous cities. Allahabad is but one of a group (including Benares and Cawnpore and Lucknow and others) that average two hundred thousand inhabitants apiece. As affording opportunity for work among students it is especially notable. In the North-West Provinces and Oudh there are reported to be thirty-one colleges, with 2,436 students; one hundred and sixteen high schools, with 2,620 students in the uppermost two classes; and forty-two professional schools, with 2,795 students,—or one hundred and eighty-nine institutions in all, with nearly eight thousand students. These are practically all of them accessible from Allahabad, and it is doubtful if any form of effort is better adapted or adaptable to their needs than that of the Y.M.C.A.

In much the same way, accordingly, as St. Paul would seem to have found in Ephesus a centre for his labors, whence their effects might be felt "almost throughout all Asia", it is hoped that the work to be undertaken in Allahabad will not be confined to that city, but have a greatly wider reach.

ARCH. H. GRACE.



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Railways were, of course, unknown, for it was only in this year (1801) that the first Act was passed for the construction of a mineral line, six miles long, from Wandsworth to Croydon. The stage-coaches which rattled daily into London to the music of hundreds of horns rarely averaged more than five miles an hour, and it was considered a marvellous feat when the mails were carried from London to Bath in seventeen hours, a journey which is now accomplished daily in a trifle over two hours.

All the chief avenues to London were infested with highwaymen, and, in spite of armed guards and passengers, coaches were stopped and plundered every week. Rowland Hill was then a sickly child of five in his nursery at Kidderminster, and the penny post was not even a dream of the future. Stamps and envelopes were unknown, and the postman who delivered a letter collected the charge for it, ranging from a shilling upwards.

Provisions were at famine prices; wheat was £5 13s a quarter and sugar 75s a hundredweight, while beef and mutton were from 1s 3d to 1s 8d a pound. Wages had fallen almost to vanishing point, and roiting and discontent were everywhere. Religion was stagnant, and it was ostracism, if not actually a crime, to be a Dissenter. Great Britain was waging war single-handed against all the might of Napoleon; press-gangs were prowling everywhere ready to seize the unguarded "landsmen" and carry him off to the wars; waggons lumbered into London with the spoil of ships; and there were sufficient French prisoners of war in England to people a small town.—Tit-Bits.

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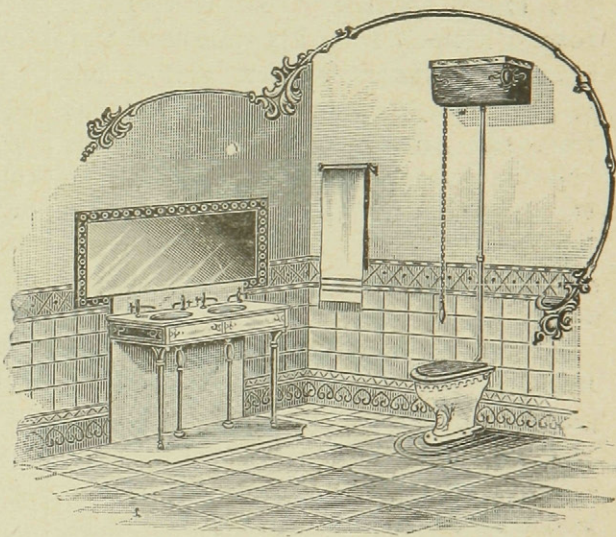
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LONDON IN JANUARY, 1801.

What the Dawn of Last Century Saw.

When at the first stroke of twelve on the night of December 31, 1800, the night watchman in Doughty Street, and many another street in London, roused himself from his slumbers, and, seizing his horn lantern, sallied out to announce to such of the world as were not already asleep that it was "twelve o'clock and a fine night," he was, perhaps unconsciously, announcing the birth of a century more wonderful than any the world had yet seen.

He was a strange figure, the "policeman" of a hundred years ago, with his coat of many capes, his breeches and gaiters, his stout cudgel and his enormous lantern, nightly lit, to an accompaniment of strong language, with flint and steel and tinder.

His chief anxiety was to doze as comfortably as possible in his box, consistent with being awake to chronicle each hour and the state of the weather, and to keep an eye on any roystering young blades returning home from Drury Lane or Covent Garden who might wish to play a practical joke on him.

The London of those days was vastly different from the London of to-day. The streets were roughly paved with cobbles, and at night were lit at long intervals by feebly-flickering oil-lamps which a gust of wind might at any time blow out. It is little wonder that in the hours of darkness they were given over to footpads and house-breakers, and that no honest man could venture far alone.

In winter evenings pleasure-seekers

resorted to one or other of the eight theatres, ranging from Sadler's Wells in the north to the Royal Circus in the south; to the many coffee-houses, where they could discuss the latest news with their cronies; or to taverns and other low places of questionable resort.

In summer-time they would sally out to the tea-gardens, which then formed a fringe round London; or to the more fashionable resorts of Vauxhall and Ranelagh. For lovers of sport there was the morbid attraction of bull-baiting, when a score or so of dogs would torture a staked bull to a frenzy of rage or terror; and cock-fighting was the favorite sport even of princes.

Public executions, which were then of almost daily occurrence, drew thousands of spectators to watch the death-throes of men and women who paid with their life for stealing a pair of stockings or a few pounds of sugar. On one day in January, 1801, twelve persons were executed for offences the gravest of which was burglary, and which include the stealing of a sirloin and a tablecloth.

For other offences men were flogged at the cart-tail through miles of London streets to the jeering and laughter of following crowds, or were placed in pillories to be the target, for hours, of every imaginable kind of filth that idle and cruel passers-by chose to fling at them. With such recreations as these, to which were added prize-fights and all the riotous fun and revelry of frequent fairs at Smithfield and elsewhere, the Londoner of a century ago had his share of excitements, however questionable.

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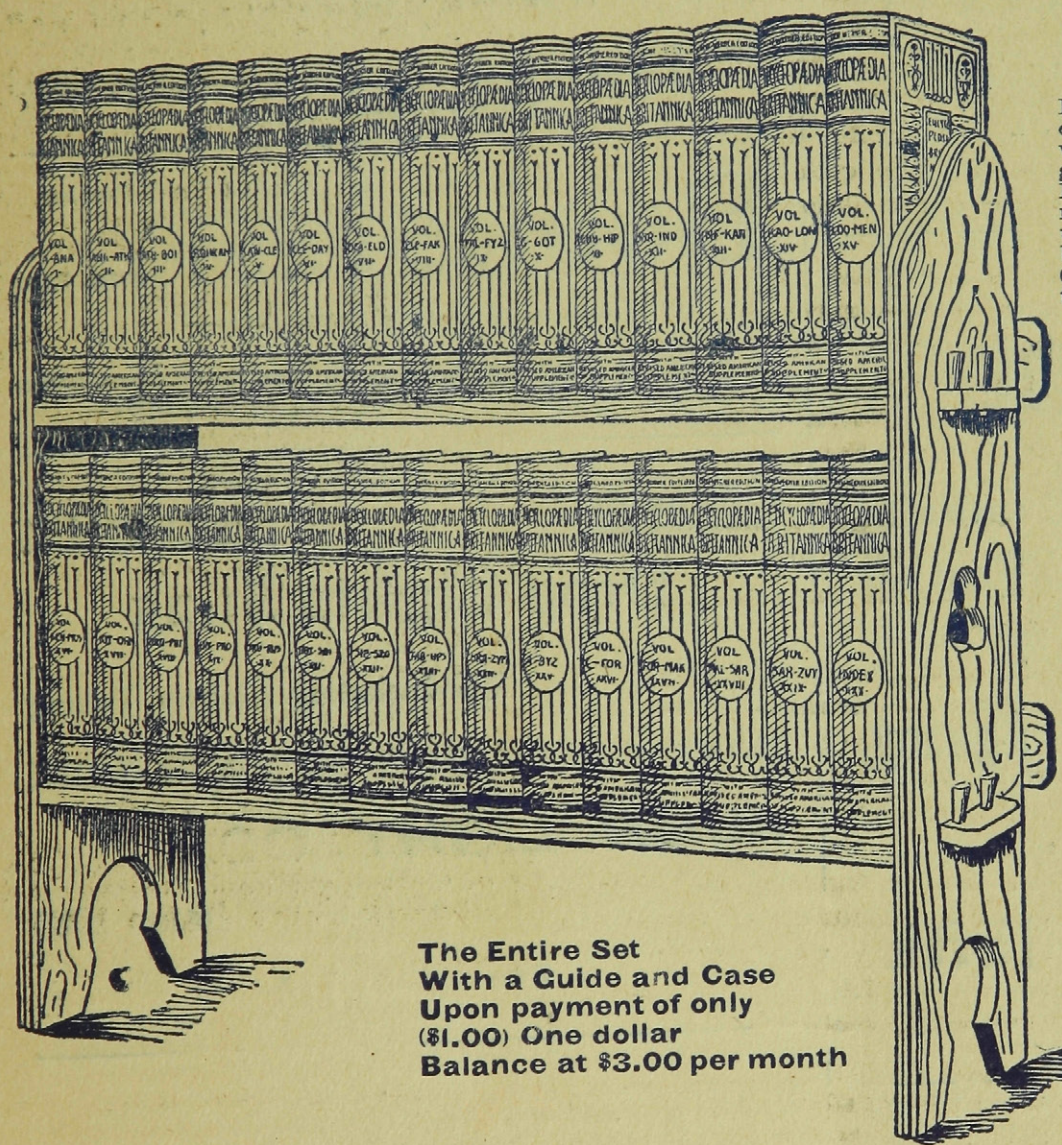
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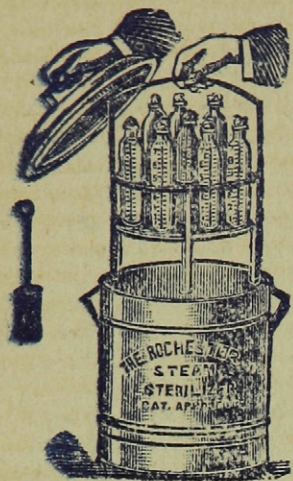
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